1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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was used by people long ago. Pete cut across by a new road to intercept him, there he waited and watched, but the ghost never came. Perhaps the ghost made him drowsy. The ghost did not look exactly like a man, rather like a man's shadow. The horse was not afraid at first, but by and by the ghost looked like a man; then he shied, bucked, and refused to follow him.

The souls of dead men are said to go to the north where they live well, but what the hereafter is like and even its location is indefinite in the minds of informants. It is not known if the soul of a suicide also goes there. Objects have no souls, but one informant stated that dead trees and weeds were in this land of souls.[1]

Reference is made in a myth to Pagiyógà (man+to draw after) who draws souls into the sky. According to Sinyella this concept existed when he was a boy, whereas Pagiyóvà (man+make alive again), who makes people live after they die, is the white man's God. Manakadja identifies Pagiyóvà with Dudjípa, one of the two culture heroes.

The older speculative writers on the origins of religion have placed so much weight on the savage's confusion of his identity or his soul, or both, with certain illusory phenomena, as reflections, shadows, dream apparitions, etc., that a consideration of the Havasupai ideas may well be given at this place. Neither the dream-actor, the reflection of one's face in the water, nor one's shadow bears any relation whatever to the soul. The attitude to the mirrored image is our own. Two words for shadow are used; *wítagosd"*, that of an animal (man, dog, or insect), and *yd'dsal-yd*, that of any other object (cloud, tree, or house). The distinction is of name only; the shadows do not differ in kind.

The mirrored image goes with me; when I leave the pool it leaves with me. When the sun shines, my shadow shows; when it ceases to shine perhaps it returns to my body. (Sinyella).

I think my shadow goes to the sun, because it fades as the sun ceases to shine. No; when I walk into another shadow, mine becomes merged in it. Wherever I go, it goes. At night it may be with me, or may have gone off somewhere; I do not know. (Jess)

Spirits, in distinction to souls, are limited in number. Almost without exception they are shaman's familiars. Nobody has seen a spirit (*sdmd"*)[2]. Each shaman has one within his chest. When he wants to discover something he sends the spirit traveling, perhaps for a day and night. The shaman goes out into the darkness; his spirit is heard hollering and whistling to him from a distance. It re-enters his mouth, makes noises, and talks. The shaman shuts his eyes and apparently sings, but in reality it is the spirit telling what it saw.

[1] No food offerings are made to the dead.
[2] Possibly identical with *gi'sdmd* (doctor, medicine).

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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The character of the spirit is not usually designated, but those specified include a wolf, a hawk, and the spirit of the mythical personage who made the deer. A pregnant woman may hear the cry of a certain small hawk (*ddjúdd*). Later the child pines, or if strong, he may often lie down as though fainting. A shaman called to sing over him, tells the mother, "When you were first pregnant, you heard a hawk calling. The child has a spirit in him; that is the hawk which entered at that time." Sometimes the shaman may succeed in carrying off the hawk spirit; then the child will live.

Despite the fact that the sun, the rocks and trees, etc., are addressed in prayer, spirits are not generally localized. Only one such is spoken of.

Long ago the mythical people made spirits and put them somewhere, so that one can dream of them, get them, and thus become a shaman. Spirits are not about here in the trees, rocks, etc., but one is in an ever-flowing pool (*ihalnyakitidp*, black water in a round place) located in a little canyon beside the Colorado on the Walapai Reservation. It has a rough wall around it. People do not approach it, but when they look down on it from above, it wells up, although it is not hot. Strewn about are shell beads, arrowheads, deer bones with incised decorations (but no turquoise), placed there by some prehistoric people. Neither Walapai nor Havasupai offer to it.

Several mythical beings are referred to in myths, such as Pagiyógà and Pagiyóvà. It seems doubtful that these are prayed to nor do they address the two culture heroes in prayer.

Spirits are the cause of illness, although this belief does not preclude that which holds minor ailments due to natural causes, infringements of taboos, or to illy-defined magical practices. A dead shaman may send his spirit into the body of one who corruptly imitates his songs; the creator of deer sent his into the man who wantonly slaughtered the animals; the hawk-spirit enters the body of the unborn child.

There are perhaps three types of shaman: those who cure (*gíθiyi'*) weather shamans (possibly called by the same word), and practitioners of a sort (*gísimd*)[1] who specialize on fractures, wounds, or snake bites, in following the deer, etc. Apparently all of them dream, but only the first have familiar spirits. These three types are fairly distinct, but not exclusive; for example, Doctor Tommy, who divides his time with his Walapai father's people, and who performs most of the cures (including those of snake and scorpion stings) claims to bring rain and to have medicine to destroy the whites. Only men can be shamans.

Shamanistic power is acquired by inheritance or by dreaming. In 1918 there were three men recognized, Bob and Doctor Tommy, who both

[1]Compare Yavapai pa-esmacha, shaman (Corbusier, 333)

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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cured, and Rock Jones, a weather shaman. Bob had his spirit from his maternal grandfather, he is reported as having said. When he was about to die he instructed Bob and presented his spirit to him. In late years Bob suffered severely from tuberculosis, coughing up blood, and with it lost his spirit—and his influence. Manakadja, the head chief, called in a Yavapai shaman for his daughter, which angered hot-tempered Bob to the extent that he refused to leave his spirit to a relative. Usually when a shaman is sick his spirit stays with him and cures him, but Bob's spirit left him, because he willed it, and so he died. His rattles and medicines (?) were broken and buried with him. Rock Jones inherited his powers from his maternal uncle, whose specialty was also rain making. Sinyella's maternal grandfather was a shaman, but no one inherited his power. Perhaps there is only a tendency toward inheritance;[1] so far as it goes the attitude is that toward personal property.

In the final analysis, power comes through dreams: all three types of shaman dream, and it is also probably necessary for those who inherit spirits to dream. Rock Jones, for instance, dreamed of lightning and thunder, saw the pouring rain and hail, and dreamed that he sang to make it rain. Now he uses that song.

Only the curing shamans (*gîθiyê'*) have spirits; in one instance it was stated that a shaman temporarily had more than one. Sinyella said that his maternal grandfather frequently dreamed of the wolf. When he sang for the sick the wolf spirit (*hatâgwi'ladmdg*) could be heard out in the darkness. Then his own familiar spirit went outside, whereupon the wolf spirit entered his body and performed the cure for him. When the cure was completed this wolf spirit left him again. This man was also a weather shaman.

The important shaman is the one who cures. Dreaming comes before practice. Mark is said to be trying to become one, but is not proficient yet. His gourd rattle is placed at the head of his bed: when he wakes he seizes it and tries the song he has dreamed. During the half-year since this practice began he has sung over his sick nephew, Jess, many times, but he has not attempted sucking out the disease. In 1919 I was told that Little Jim was becoming a shaman. He had seen a spirit in his dreams but it was afraid as yet to enter his body. My informant stated that it was too early to know whether Jim would be a success. In 1921 he was a full-fledged shaman, though not prominent. His first patient was Melvin in October, 1920 (p. 279).

[1] It is doubtful that there is any significance in these instances in the inheritance from a maternal relative.

2:1liff Y-5 (ca.1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Vesnor and his horse. The children scampered off through the brush on the trail that led to the village. At home there would be food, the kind they were accustomed to and for which they hungered in a way no white man's viands could satisfy. Perhaps it would be the delicious corn bread their mothers made by crushing grains of new corn to a pulp, molding it into elongated shapes which were fitted into the husks of green corn and baked in the ashes. The bread would be rich and sweet and more delicious than any hardtack ever made. Or if it were the season for little green squashes, there would be another treat. The squash, cooked, mashed and mixed with the cooked grains of new corn, was a delicacy so enjoyed that the thought of it could start the children's feet running toward home. There would be food at every house they passed on the trail, and a Havasupai shared as generously as our own ancestors did before we measured our sustenance by its cost in dollars and cents.

That week another letter came from Mr. Ewing demanding that I submit the annual report immediately. He added the important news that the Hackberry Day School would open in the fall as the Truxton Canyon Training School. This would be the fulfillment of the promise he had made to the Walapai that he would establish a boarding school for their children.

Early Saturday morning I started to the Indian village to get additional information to incorporate in the annual report. The trail hugged the foot of the west wall. I had passed scattered wickiups, tucked back among the willows, before I came to a high, precipitous section of the wall that narrowed the passage. Bob, one of the tribe's medicine men, had told me that the god-spirit lived in two columns of stone on the rim of this inthrust section. The Indians had discovered these at the time they had settled in the canyon.

I had an excellent view of the two great pillars of red sandstone, as tranquil and aloof as images of Buddha. Neither white man nor Indian could fail to be impressed by them. What force placed them in that exposed position? How had they stood through the

2:Illiff Y-S (ca. 1961) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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176 823 ages, battered by gales and floods which had brought down sections of the wall itself? The Indians must have asked themselves these questions many times. The wise men of the tribe gave them a satisfying answer: the indestructible god-spirit lived there to watch over and protect the people in their new home. The Indians spoke of these gods with the naturalness with which one mentions a neighbor or a friend.

"Our gods make gardens grow good. They watch over the people," they told me confidently.

And in a sense, I was indebted to their gods for this greatest adventure of my life. The Indians' well-being depended on these god-spirits, so they had refused to leave the canyon. When the Indian Office considered establishing a school for the Havasupai children, pressure was brought to induce the Indians to move to the plateau. It would be simpler for them to move out of the canyon than for the government to freight equipment for the school across the desert and down the precipitous trail. But the Indians became bewildered and frightened. "If we leave our gods, we die!" they cried. So the school came down to them. Yet the officials located it a little too far up the gorge for the gods to guard it with a watchful eye, which may account for the fact that, later on, it was destroyed by a flood.

631 311 Just beyond the gods, the walls swung apart. The broad, level floor between was occupied by the village. Spaciousness of land and sky inspired a sense of freedom. The cultivated acres were laid out like a checkerboard, in somewhat irregular squares, each displaying the mixed greenery of gardens and orchards. A fence of brush or poles enclosed each square, emphasizing the mosaic effect. The Indians had not completely removed the wilderness from the canyon; the stream could be traced by the tangle of wild vegetation lining its banks, and dense thickets claimed too much of the land. Old willow trees and cottonwoods dominated the scene.

342 The houses sat cosily near the gardens, or were connected with them by tree-shaded lanes. There were several half-dugouts, but

2:Iliff Y-S (ca.1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

Two men, wearing only breechcloths, emerged from the chief's larger wickiup, carrying the boy, limp and unconscious. Tenderly they eased him into the sweat lodge while another, as nearly nude as they, held aside the blanket that closed the doorway. The two men entered to administer the bath and to sing the songs of supplication and thanksgiving that are a part of the healing ceremony. Jasper's mother, using two heavy, green sticks, lifted hot stones from the fire, one by one, and placed them within the lodge. The blanket was lowered to close the opening.

The men in the lodge sang two songs in a loud, high chant, but I could not grasp the meaning. However, Mr. James had interpreted the songs that were sung when he had entered a *tobolwa* as being repetitions of their god Tochopa's instructions in preparing the lodge and conducting the ceremony. After these minute instructions had been sung many times, the singer became a supplicant, praying to the heat to heal the head, the lungs, the feet, the ears, until each organ of the body of which he had any knowledge had been named many times. At the completion of the two songs, sung to wild, erratic music, the leader dipped the twigs into the water and sprinkled the heated stones. A biting, acrid steam filled the lodge, making the lungs ache with its fierce heat. More sizzling rocks were shoved inside, more water was sprinkled on them, more songs were sung.

I watched and listened, intent on learning all that I could of this ancient and sacred rite. Because they so heartily despised the white man's curiosity, his prying into their sacred ceremonies, I must be sympathetic in my effort to discover the deep truth back of it all. I must convince them that I believed, as they did, in the healing *tobolwa* (sweat bath).

I knew they felt as I would feel if someone should enter my church and crane his neck and gawk, not with the hope of spiritual enrichment, but rather to observe the reactions of congregation and minister. I respected their sincerity. Tochopa was their benign god. He had taught Those of Old how to build the *tobolwa*: the framework of poles, the covering of green boughs and mud sealing it

Cliff Y-5 (ca. 1961) 1964 NT14 Plateau Tumans NT14
Havasupai

173 Desert weary, they tarried by the stream, reluctant to leave a spot that had everything they so much desired, but their gods had not yet spoken. Discouraged, they began the long climb up to the plateau and westward. A child cried. The procession halted and the child's voice was stilled. Each effort to resume the journey brought that cry of protest. The wise men quickly issued their edict: "The gods speak to us through the voice of the child; this is the home to which they have led us."

Joyously the people unpacked their loads and began building houses and making gardens.

173 Handed down through many generations, this old tale expresses
176 the Indians' desire to lay in the laps of the gods every problem that affects their lives. On the canyon rim overlooking a wide section of the floor, they found the god-spirit in two gigantic pillars of stone. So they built their houses on either side of the stream of blue water where the gods could watch over them night and day.

133 The Indians' accounts of the god-spirit residing in the two stones turned our attention to the walls of the gorge. Miss Goenawein, the only old-timer employed at the school, had visited every point of interest within walking distance, so she acted as guide.

From the Indians she had learned of the Black Man. After Sunday school she took Frances and me to a side canyon where we gazed up at the shiny, black form of a giant stone man, lying prone as if he had dropped down and fallen asleep. We stood in the hot sun, trying to discover what force had caught and held the black mineral while the red sandstone built its layers around it. Doubtless the old men had a tale about this phenomenon, had we asked them. But in the discomfort of the intense heat and the sunlight striking our faces as we gazed upward, our interest in the Black Man quickly vanished. So we wandered over to examine some pictographs on a boulder, beautiful primitive art that could hold one entranced indefinitely.

212 The boulder stood in the center of the canyon; the base, worn away on one side, left a projecting ledge some four feet above the ground. Stooping low, we crawled under the ledge, straining for

2:Iliff Y-5 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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the Indian Office had appeared to persuade the Indians, by the offer of farming tools, to send their children to the Fort Mohave Indian School. At that time there was no school in the canyon. The Chemehuevi had been song leader at the dance, and made an eloquent appeal to the people to reject the agent's offer. He had cried:

> Don't send your children to the school of the white man. If you do, they will grow up with the heart of the white man, and the place of the Havasupai will know them no more. Your tribe will be broken up, and then the white man will come and take possession of your canyon home where the stream ever flows and sings to the waving willows by its side. He will rob you of your corn fields and peach orchards. No longer will the place where the bodies of your ancestors were burned be sacred to you; your hunting grounds are now all occupied by him; the deer and the antelope have nearly disappeared before his rifle, and he is hungry to possess the few things you still have left. This offer is a secret plot against you. He thinks if he cannot drive you out he will seduce you out, and this school is the offer he makes to you, so that he can get your children into his hands. There he will teach them to make fun of you; to despise your method of living; your houses, your food, your dress, your customs, your dances will all be ridiculed by him, and so you will lose the favor of Those Above, and you yourselves will soon die and your name and tribe be forgotten.

And now the Havasupai believed that his prophecy was being fulfilled. The white men had come as predicted and taken over their canyon where the stream ever flowed. Soon they would be a homeless people.

Manakadja was deeply troubled. His tribesmen had elected him to his high office because he preached the doctrine that the white man and the Indian cannot live on the same ground; each must have his own, and there can be no encroaching, one on the other. The chief had decreed that no Havasupai blood should mingle with that of the white people, and never in the history of the tribe had there been such a marriage or mingling of blood.

But in the case of these intruders Manakadja was as helpless as any of us; so again the security of the People of the Blue Water rested in the laps of their gods.

Hilliff Y-8 (ca. 1901) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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And the gods spoke—through a storm cloud—deciding the issue with one swift blow. Work was progressing toward completion when a flood roared down the canyon, wiping out the widened, costly trail, demolishing the equipment that had disfigured Mooney Falls, and causing the firm such financial loss that the project was abandoned. The white men rode out, one afternoon, over the hastily repaired trail, leaving the canyon to the people to whom it rightfully belonged.

The power of the gods was manifest once more, renewing courage and inspiring the whole village with fresh vitality. The people worked in homes and gardens, their former cheerfulness restored by this assurance that the gods who had led them to the canyon and taught them the skills by which they had survived, were still able to defend them.

Their faith in their gods was so sincere, and they spoke of them with such candor, that I might easily have learned how much of their culture the Havasupai attributed to this source. To meet their spiritual needs, they had their god-given songs and dances. To care for their sick, the gods had taught them how to make the *tobolwa* and the songs to be used in the healing ceremony. When they needed fire, the gods, through Coyote, had lighted the torch. These things I knew, but there was so much that I had failed to learn. They traced every skill to a time in the dim past when Those of Old were instructed by the deity. Now it was all too evident that some of these skills were falling into disuse.

They had been pottery makers but tin cans and lard pails had taken the place of clay utensils. Happily, baskets were still plentiful in every home. They were strong and somewhat coarse in order to stand up under the rough usage as toasting baskets, burden baskets, water bottles and general containers. However, the watertight cooking basket, used by their ancestors, into which heated stones were dropped to keep the contents boiling, was now a relic of the past. The imperfectness with which these cooked the food and the constant attention they demanded, doomed them to this fate. As the stones had cooled, they were replaced with others fresh

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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down, the Cataract Canyon trail goes over a portion of this talus to avoid the creek, which has here crossed from the other side of the canyon and has become a rapidly flowing stream some two feet or more in depth. Attached to this talus is a large mass of solid concrete made of pebbles, rocks, and sand that have been washed down in the creek and made cohesive by the lime from the water. Here the canyon narrows again and the stupendous walls seem very near to the willow-fringed stream and the small fields. A few hundred feet farther it opens out again, and as one rides on the trail he gets exquisite views of the gray stone walls superposed on the red sandstones to the northwest. These gray and creamy sandstones, with their numerous and delicate tints and shades, afford most delightful contrasts to the glaring and monotonous red of the walls beneath. From this point we gain our first view of the so-called Havasupai stone gods, named by them "Hue-gli-i-wa," the story of which is told elsewhere.

These rocky pillars with their supporting walls seem as if they were once a part of a great wall that entirely spanned the canyon, the towers being sentinel outlooks to guard from attack both above and below. The portion of the wall to the right, as one descends the canyon, has been washed away, but the tower-crowned mass to the left still preserves a broad sweep into the very heart of the canyon as if it would bar all further progress. Following the sweep of this curve and passing the wall immediately underneath the outermost of the two towers, we view from the trail which ascends a mass of talus at this point another widened-out part of the canyon, which seems entirely covered with willows, here and there overshadowed by a few straggling cottonwoods.

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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133 This is where the ceremonial dances of the Havasupais
778 take place.

776 On the summit of the wall on the other side of the
● canyon from the Hue-gli-i-wa are two stone objects, one named Hue-a-pa-a, and the one farther down the canyon, Hue-pu-keh-i. These are great objects of reverence, for they represent the ancestors of the Havasupai race. Hue-a-pa-a — the man — has a child upon his back and two more by his side, and he is calling to his wife — Hue-pu-keh-i — to hurry along, as the baby is hungry and needs his dinner. The full breasts of the stone woman show that she is a nursing mother.

133 Slightly below these stone figures, and on the right-
712 hand side of the canyon, is the old fort, where in the days of fighting the Havasupais were wont to retire when attacked. The fort is impregnable on three sides, being precipitous, and on the fourth is accessible only up a narrow trail, which is guarded by piles of rocks which are ready to be tumbled, even by a woman, upon the heads of foes who attempt to ascend. The fortifications and stones for defence still remain, but it is many years since they were used for their original purposes.

000 One's mind becomes very active as he looks upon this tribe of Indians and thinks of their traditions, history, and life. So far, their almost entirely isolated
[648] condition has been their preservation, although, sad to say, much of their earlier contact with our civilization was not of the best character.

Even in this land of our boasted Christianity it is true that the strong prey upon the weak. The domination of physical force is giving way to the domination of mental force, but which is the greater evil? Why

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
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CHAPTER XIV

THE HAVASUPAIS AND THEIR LEGENDS

IN almost every case one finds a variety of differing legends related by the Indians of any tribe upon the same subject. As the Wallapais and Havasupais are [171] cousins, one would naturally expect their legends to have some things in common. How much this is so will be seen by a comparison of the following story with that of the Wallapai Origin Legend.

"The two gods of the universe," said O-dig-i-ni-ni'-a, the relator of the mythic lore of the Havasupais, "are Tochopa and Hokomata. Tochopa he heap good. Hokomata heap han-a-to-op'-o-gi — heap bad — all same white man's devil. Him Hokomata make big row with Tochopa, and he say he drown the world.

"Tochopa was full of sadness at the news. He had one daughter whom he devotedly loved, and from her he had hoped would descend the whole human race for whom the world had been made. If Hokomata persisted in his wicked determination she must be saved at all hazard. So, working day and night, he speedily prepared the trunk of a pinion tree by hollowing it out from one end. In this hollow tree he placed food and other necessaries, and also made a lookout window. Then he brought his daughter, and telling her she must go into this tree and there be sealed up, he took

776 177 787 Spier (p. 289) identified two gods, "Pagiyoga, who draws souls into the sky," and "Pagiyova, who makes people live after they die." The former apparently is an earlier concept native to the Havasupai, and the latter the white man's god, although Spier's informant identified Pagiyova with Dudjipa, one of the two culture heros. The description of Pagiyova given by two medicine men to this investigator showed considerable Christian influence. One of them, who had seen Pagiyova in dream experiences, described the long, white robes, "skin like a white man," and other details common in so many representations of Christ. There seems to be neither a clear concept nor agreement among Havasupai regarding the nature and attributes of the tribal deity.

Shamanism

756 Three types of shamans, a curing shaman, a weather shaman, and a specialist in treating "fractures, wounds, or snake bites, in following the deer, etc." were reported by Spier in 1928 (p. 277). There has been no shaman of the latter two types in recent years. The need for a weather shaman to bring rain is difficult to visualize today when the Havasupai have abandoned life on the plateau and are settled in a place where water is always available and where floods have caused considerable destruction over the last half century. Rather, the need appears to be for a means to stop [844] rain, a power which pregnant women alone possess. There is little occasion for hunting deer, and the need for one who specializes in fractures, wounds, and snake bites is on the wane, white physicians being almost invariably sought for such treatment.

Shamans, who are the specialists in religious affairs, have more detailed knowledge concerning the supernatural than do laymen, but the primary role of a shaman is that of medical practitioner. Traditionally, a [755] Havasupai shaman uses the sucking technique, applying his mouth directly to a critical part of a patient's anatomy from which a foreign object, said to cause illness, may be extracted.

Havasupai laymen acknowledge that white doctors are superior for certain types of medical care. There remains, however, one type of illness which the shaman treats more successfully than does a medical doctor who would fail to diagnose it properly. This is "Indian sickness," an illness caused directly or indirectly by a ghost.

775 Fear of ghosts is strongly developed. Sight of one may cause death as well as illness. Adults express anxiety about leaving their homes alone after dark because they may "see a ghost," but in practice most of them do not hesitate to go about after dark. One shaman reported that shamans frequently see ghosts or dream of them, and that nearly all other Havasupai [787] see ghosts during their lifetimes. Ghost fear is intensified immediately following the death of a relative; the ghost is believed to remain for some

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after dark, especially near a graveyard, which is dangerous at any time, for fear of encountering ghosts. 775 [764]

Souls of the dead are said to go to the north where they live much the same as here on earth, but what the hereafter is like or its location may be is indefinite, even among the oldest members of the tribe. [774] Objects such as rocks and trees have no souls.

Spirits in distinction to souls, are limited. In almost every case they are *shaman's* familiars. No one has seen a spirit, but every *shaman* claims to have one within his chest. When he wants to find out something he sends his spirit out for awhile—probably a day and night. When he goes out into the night, his spirit is heard yelling to him from a distance. His spirit reenters his mouth and makes peculiar noises, and talks. The *shaman* closes his eyes and appears to be singing, but in reality it is his spirit relating what it saw. The distinctive qualities of the spirit are not usually described, but those specified include, a hawk, a wolf, and the spirit of the mythical being who made the deer. A *shaman* sings over a child subject to fainting spells and finds that when his mother was first pregnant she heard a hawk calling. The child has a spirit in him; it is the hawk. In some cases the *shaman* carries off the hawk spirit and the child lives. 776 ● 756 [755]

Although the Havasupai address their prayers to the earth, sun, rocks, trees, wind, and water, spirits are not generally localized. 776

A long time ago the mythical people created spirits and put them somewhere, so one can dream of them, get them, and thus become *shamans*. Spirits are not about in the trees, rocks, wind, but one is in an ever-flowing pool of water located in a side canyon beside the Colorado River in the Hualapai country. The pool has a rough rock wall around it. When people look down on it from the rim of the canyon, the water wells up although it is not hot. Scattered about are arrowheads, shell beads, and deer bones with incised decorations, probably placed there by some prehistoric people. [755]

A number of mythical beings are referred to in legends, especially Pagiyoga, who draws souls into the sky, and Pagiyova, who makes people live after they die. The latter is said to be the white man's God. However, these are not prayed to nor do they address the cultural heroes in prayer. [782]

Spirits are the cause of illness, with the exception of a few minor ailments due to natural causes, failure to observe taboos, or because of evil magical practices. It is thought that after a *shaman* dies he may send his spirit into the body of some man who in an improper manner may imitate his songs. That, the creator of deer sent his spirit into the hunter who carelessly killed the animals; and that, the spirit of the hawk enters the bodies of unborn children. 751 775 756

Among the Havasupai there are *shamans* who cure disease, those who set broken bones, treat wounds, fractures and snake bites, and *shamans* who study weather conditions and claim to bring rain. Apparently all three types dream, but only those who cure have familiar spirits. Men only can become *shamans*. 756 [962]

Shamanistic power is obtained by dreaming or by inheritance. Some men dream of rain, lightning or thunder, they also dream of a song to make rain, then they use that song and become weather *shamans*. Others inherit their power from a maternal uncle or grandfather. [787 434]

The ratle of a *shaman* is a dried gourd mounted on a wooden shaft which extends entirely through it. A collar is cut on the handle and a buckskin thong wound around the protruding end of the shaft so it will not come off. Holes are drilled in the gourd to allow the fibrous structure inside to drop out so the sound will not have a muffled tone.

When a *shaman* is called in by a relative to cure some member of the family he arrives and performs at night. He sings over the patient while he holds the clenched knuckles of the left hand against the patient's forehead, and in his right hand he holds the rattle and slowly twists his body from one side to the other. He sucks out the 755 756

133 come to an opening, and hear the deep roar of another waterfall, the thunders of which echo eternally up and down the narrow, dark cañon. You are surrounded by heaps of ashes, charred bones, beads, muskets, bowls, shells, and other savage possessions, some of them [764] on the bare rocks, others on the thin, sandy soil; for this is the cremating ground of those among the Nation of the Willows who meet their death by accident, and these are their funeral pyres. You step a few rods beyond, and find yourself upon the brink of a precipice of four hundred feet, over which, to the right, plunges in an unbroken spout or sheet the whole river, striking the basin below with deafening thunder, and sending clouds of spray far into the dark, green chasm below. I cannot attempt to describe this waterfall. It is formed like the preceding one, but, while not so beautiful, is wonderfully grand. It is named by the Indians "Mother of the Waters;" and by prospectors "Mooney Fall," because an adventurer of that name, in attempting to descend the precipice hand under hand on a rope, became giddy, and fell upon the rocks below, where now his bones, ever washed and whitened by the limy mists, give to the Ha-va-su-paí a warning of the forbidden pass to the "home of the mother of the waters;" [776] for he believes that the spirits of his ancestors sometimes float up and down amid the mists and rainbows, or that animistic demons lurk in the green, shadowy depths of the chasm.

101 The nearest neighbors of the Ha-va-su-paí are the Hua-la-pai, who roam over the great plains west of the cañon, and the Pai Utes, to the north of the cañon of the Colorado Grande, who, although only a few miles away, are separated from them by the Grand Cañon, and can reach them only by going far to the southwest, crossing the Colorado, and passing through the territory of the Hua-la-pai. On the south,

487 bare, smooth face of a cliff which slopes
491 at an angle of forty-five, fifty, even sometimes sixty degrees. The surface, after being roughened, is overlaid with little branches of cedar, upon which larger sticks and stones of great weight are laid, the whole being filled in with dirt and a sufficient quantity of pebbles to guard against washing away. If such a surface be interrupted by a crevice, the two sides of the latter are notched, a fragment of rock fitted in, and the whole covered as before described. Considerable nerve is required, however, to pass these trails. The foothold is always uncertain, and one of these oblique zones, along the centre of which the trail passes, is bounded below by fifteen hundred feet of jagged, rapidly descending rock-masses; above, by two or three hundred feet of beetling, rotten cliffs.

231 Besides their horses, which are adventurers as wonderful as the Indians themselves, through their canon training, they have a few dogs, often wolfish, always mongrel, and six or eight lonely cats, which are extravagantly prized by their possessors, and well fed, yet so worried by dogs and children that they resemble half-starved wild beasts of the feline tribe rather than the descendants of the sleek, domesticated animal of civilization. Not unfrequently beautiful little coyotes are to be seen about
●[776] the camp, and these, as the emblems of his own ancestry, his national deity, are affectionately fondled and petted by the Ha-va-su-pai; being allowed a place at the family bowl even in preference to the women or children. Add to these certain sand lizards and many noisy birds of prey, kept more for their feathers than as pets, and the list of Ha-va-su-pai domestication is complete.

521 During intervals in the labor of the
46 fields, the men may always be seen gathered in groups of six or ten, chatting together; and the women, always busy, exchange visits while at work

[P.554A]

NT3
539

Zuñi, white to the Moqui, variegated to the Northern nations, a very little black to the Apache, and blue to the Hua-la-pai; but the Ha-va-su-paí, coming last, had only a little red ear given them by the fathers [gods].

"Now they did not know how they could live on the small portion that had been given them. So the Coyote, when he heard them bemoaning their lot, came and told them to follow his example: therefore our fathers became a nation of hunters. As the waters of the world dried and flowed away, the face of the earth cracked, and was worn full of deep cañons. One of these cañons was very narrow and filled with rattlesnakes. This was the cañon of the Ha-va-su-paí; and down in a grotto, under the falls, [NT6] lived a great goddess, Ka-mu-iu-dr-ma-giu-iu-ó-ba, or 'Mother of the Waters.' She was wooed by the rattlesnakes, and bore two sons, Ha-ma-u-giu-iu-ó-ba, or 'Children of the Waters.' Upon the head of each was a great flint knife. Now the earth became so dry that our forefathers had but little water to drink, and, wandering about in search of it, came to the brink of the cañon; but they could not enter because of the rattlesnakes. So the two boys slew the rattlesnakes with their magic flint knives, and widened the rocks above the home of their mother. Then they guided them down the cañon, and built little houses high up among the cliffs; for the Apache Mojaves came in, too, and disputed possession with them. As the two children led the people down the cañon, they made their hand-prints on the walls, and painted the animals which should serve as food for their people. And these marks still remain on the rocks, and thither we go when we wish to secure the deer, or to ask for rain. When, at last, they reached the home of their mother, she told them that this should be their home forever; that it was not good to live on meat alone, but that they should build houses

199 Southern Paiutes formerly visited and camped in Pai territory (Spier, 1928, 360-2). Our informants reported that some would swim across the Colorado River near Prospect Valley[access to the river may be gained from either side in this portion of Grand Canyon]. Paiutes also crossed in the vicinity of Diamond Creek[a southern Paiute campsite, Ariz. G:3:1 in the Arizona State College Archaeological Survey files, has been recorded at the junction of that stream with the Colorado River] and below there in the vicinity of Granite Park[where Walapai campsites and mescal pits, Ariz. G:3:2 (ASC), have been recorded]. These visits included those during which the Pai were introduced to the 1890 Ghost Dance.

[487] Hopis also frequented Havasupai villages and there was considerable movement of both peoples on the trading route extending along the south rim of Grand Canyon.

Sacred Places and Spirits

776 778 823 [317] Shrines and sacred places were few, especially outside Cataract Canyon. Spirits were thought to inhabit Gray Mountain on the eastern boundary of their historic range, and a certain rock formation underlying the Coconino sandstone (at the end of the Great Thumb peninsula in Grand Canyon) was visited to make rain. The salt deposits on the Colorado River below the mouth of the Little Colorado were used by the Havasupai but were not considered sacred. The San Francisco Peaks and Mount Sinyella [an isolated sandstone remnant on the esplanade northeast of Supai village], were thought to contain spirits which, if appealed to, could produce rain. People felt afraid to go too close to them. These landmarks were considered dangerous since visitors to them might cause too much rain or strong winds that could blow people off the canyon walls.

823 776 [782] [841] Virtually every spring known to the Havasupai contained spirits. Offerings of tobacco, peaches, or dried corn were made to these water sources, and menstruating women were cautioned against visiting them since the water might disappear. Prayer sticks, however, were not used at springs as was the Hopi custom.

Conception of the Soul

774 Spier (1928, 275) indicated that the Havasupai believed that "Each human has a soul in his heart;..." Our informants confirmed this, virtually denying a separate term for the soul. It was called "the heart" and "works inside with the blood." A person had only one soul. Beyond this, however,

there was a vague concept of some powerful aspect coming from the air and sun which, together with the heart, was a condition of life. "When the heart quits, you know they died." We could elicit no additional data as to when or how the soul entered an individual except that it came from the east. 774

When a person died, the soul journeyed to the sky people. Shamans reported that the soul left the body through the pulse area in the throat. The soul went straight up in the air and then wandered around until it saw "that narrow path that leads to the place of the dead." Two lay informants, however, remarked that the soul stayed with or near the body of a buried person if the body had been interred with the head to the west. [The apparent discrepancy probably stems from the shamans' over-concern with the spirits and their exorcism.] The souls of shamans depart for a separate place in the sky. If a person committed suicide his soul would go to the west to join those of all people who wanted to die. There was a spirit being in the west who was considered malevolent and who attempted to influence people to his cause. To the east was another spirit who attempted to counteract his western counterpart. These looked like humans but did not have human substance. The one in the east was white; the one in the west was black. When they quarreled, the eastern spirit made half the world white, and the western spirit made the other half black. They quarreled often over individuals, each trying to attract people to his sphere. 775 [785] [756] [762] 776

It was believed that at death a person became unconscious and had no knowledge of what was happening. However, after death, while the deceased was thought to know his identity, his relatives, and where he had lived, he would not remember his illness. After death, souls took either the form of a person or of a household pet such as a cat or a dog, and could return as ghosts. This usually happened at night. If a ghost attempted to return and communicate with a close friend, the friend would become sick and die. If ghosts appeared in a darkened form or "like a fire burning red," they were considered more harmful. Occasionally people saw ghosts of the dead walking by or heard them making noise. The body below the waist appeared normal, but the upper portions were without head or arms. It was wrong to try to touch a ghost; one might become weak. If one cried out, one would fall unconscious. A shaman would be called to sing for one who saw a ghost. The shaman would walk over the area where the ghost had been encountered in an attempt to learn why it had wanted the person who saw it to become sick and die. The shaman then would sing, urging the ghost to leave. Shamans, of course, sang over the patient. One informant, referring to an event that occurred about 1920, said that one evening when it was nearly dark he had seen two persons standing by his house. At first he thought they were neighbors, but noticed that they were dressed in white [an Anglo concept?] and had no heads. It appeared as though smoke was coming from their necks. He watched a short while and saw them "turn to nothing." 775 [763] 756 755 775

If, while traveling at night, a red fire was seen burning far off, it meant that someone was dying somewhere. If a snake came inside a wickiup, someone was sick or had had an accident and would probably die. A husband was not supposed to kill a snake when his wife was pregnant because the baby's legs and arms would be weak and limber. 763 825 843 825

Should a man see a woman urinating or vice versa, one would die unless one said, "It's going to witch us, We don't want that." 763 514 751

Shamans and Illness

Formerly, a shaman could give his own spirit to a relative, or it could be inherited after the shaman's death. If it was given during life, the new shaman had to remain with the older for four nights. The older shaman sang over him in order that his spirit would become familiar with the initiate and remain with him. A "spiritual string" passed between the mouths of the two men; this, a part of the spirit, was swallowed by the initiate. It enabled the shaman to see over his patients' bodies and was thought to aid in the diagnosis and destruction of the illness. The new shaman, notwithstanding, then had to dream to acquire his power through songs. Otherwise the spirit would not remain with him. 756 776 [787]

Occasionally a man aspiring to be a shaman would pay for it. Dr. Tommy was paid a horse for his spirit. 756

The "string" referred to above was used in the following way: The shaman would first remove it from his mouth and exhibit it to the spectators. Then he would appear to insert it through the patient's head or throat for the diagnosis. Other shamans diagnosed by placing their hands or elbows on the mouth of the patient. They withdrew the illness this way also. Some then swallowed the sickness, others blew it away. Most, however, sucked the afflicted area of the body. 755 756

Rock Jones, a shaman when Spier (1928, 278) worked with the Havasupai, often treated a patient by singing and pressing his hands on various portions of the patient's body. He stood up except while singing or shaking his gourd rattle. During Spier's study, Rock Jones was a weather shaman but later learned curing from his brother.

Diagnosis also was accomplished by singing special songs, which would be answered by the shaman's spirit, often in the guise of an old woman or a small boy who were sky people. The female spirit is Gimní dem gen-wí va (old woman living by herself) and the boy is Hihman kai ij gen wi va (little boy living by himself). He was thought to be her grandson. The 755 756 776 533

woman lived in the west, the boy in the east. Each shaman had his own individual songs to attract his spirit. These were not given to a new shaman.

Another curing shaman received his power through a small bone that had been given to him from a cave. He then had a dream in which the bone talked to him and told him it would give him the power to become a shaman. He kept the bone for two years, at which time a Walapai shaman took it away on the pretense that it might otherwise be harmful to the Havasupai. However, the bone continued to appear in the Havasupai shaman's dreams and taught him curing songs.

The shaman who served as our informant had not been one during Spier's day. He began about 1931 or 1932 when he started dreaming about it. These dreams came to him not through his own desire, but because Pagiyova, a localized mythical culture hero (Spier, 1928, 277) wanted it. This coincided with a time when his mother was ill. During his dreams he didn't see anyone, but heard an unidentifiable voice telling him what to do. Later, after he no longer heard the voice, the spirit became visible. In a dream the spirit took him through the air to Red Butte, south of Grand Canyon village [where, incidentally, the informant was born]. He saw the spirit in human form approaching, mounted on a white horse. The spirit dismounted and shook hands, saying, "I am not a dead person, I am a man just like you. Do you have any relatives who have died?" When the informant replied in the negative, the spirit said, "A relative of yours died and went northeast. Then he turned south and he is over at my place." Our informant thought, "Maybe it's my brother," but he didn't tell the spirit. The spirit then said, "There will be a new kind of sickness that will come to everybody, white men and Indians. The sickness comes from the [Sino-Japanese?] war they are having across the ocean. It will come to the Indians first." When the spirit first shook hands he made "white lightning" enter the informant's upper left arm and this later aided his power. The spirit then taught him to sing power songs and instructed him in shamanistic ritual. He learned many curing songs and had to remember their meaning. If he forgot, he would die. It took five or six years for him to become competent. [I was unable to ascertain whether or not the informant had past contacts with Navajo singers, who traditionally rode white horses.]

After he had become a shaman he visited the eastern spirit being often, and thought he had been adopted by it. The spirit had made four hands [method unknown]. Only the first of these hands, a right one, was benevolent; the other three were left and were harmful. Sick people were "transported" [by this particular shaman] to the place in the east where the hands were. If the patient chose the first hand to shake he would recover; otherwise the illness would remain.